Office JUN 6 1911

The Black Cat

JUNE 1911

The Husks of Humility
Elmer D. Ewers

The Egg Dance
Annetta Halliday-Antōna

The Unfinished Test
Arthur P. Hankins

The Taming of "Mister" McGraw
Frederick Ferdinand Moore

Is She Happy?
Michael White

Plain and Fancy Voodoo
R. C. Kenamore

The Blood of His Fathers
Edwin Carlile Litsey

The Parable of Asher Who Became a Congressman Through Mistake

10 CENTS

Vol. XVI., No. 9. Whole No. 189. Copyright, 1911, by The Shortstory Publishing Co.

LIBRARY JUN 1911 PERIODICAL

THE SHORTSTORY PUBLISHING COMPANY 41-47 Pearl Street, Boston, Massachusetts
322 Regent Street, London, W., England

CLEANS · SCOURS · POLISHES

It's so simple

a matter to keep pans and metal, paint and floors, oilcloth or marble clean with

SAPOLIO

that it makes child's play of cleaning. It is concentrated cleaning energy. A big compressed, slow-wearing cake. The most economical cleaner made. Given the hardest test—

You Know Sapolio Will Do It.

WORKS WITHOUT WASTE

© CL.B244659

The Black Cat

A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories.

Published at 41-47 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.

Copyright, 1911, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Vol. XVI., No. 9.
Whole No., 189.

JUNE, 1911

10 cents a copy
$1.00 a year.

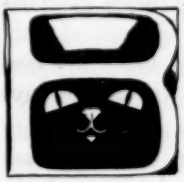
Entered at the Post-Office at Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

THE BLACK CAT is devoted to original, unusual, fascinating stories — every number is complete in itself. It publishes no serials, translations, borrowings, or stealings. It pays nothing for the name or reputation of a writer, but the highest price on record for *Stories that are Stories*, and it pays not according to length, but according to strength. To receive attention, manuscripts must be sent flat, fully prepaid, and accompanied by addressed and stamped envelope for return. All MSS. are received and returned at their writers' risk.

CAUTION. — *The entire contents of* THE BLACK CAT *are protected by copyright, and publishers everywhere are cautioned against reproducing any of the matter, either wholly or in part.*

The Husks of Humility.*

BY ELMER D. EWERS.



BUD THOMPSON, foreman of the Lazy H ranch, acknowledged my request for a bed by a nod in the general direction of the bunk room, and resumed his reading beside the soot-streaked lamp. Across the table the title of the pamphlet he held stood out distinctly. I could not refrain from a derisive whistle. Bud laid the pamphlet on the table, and slipped a little lower in his chair.

"I suppose you are wondering why I am reading that sort of literature, eh? If you're not in a hurry about turning in, I'll tell you about it.

"It all started with a cow hand we had, named William — not Bill, nor Billy — just William. I remember the day he blew in on the Overland from the East. I was loafing around the superintendent's office in Cave Creek, when he came in looking for a job. The Sup. gave him one look and shook his head. 'I don't need any office help now,' he says.

"'How about the ranch?' asks the stranger.

"The boss looks him over sharp, from his black derby and fat, peachy cheeks down his forty-inch waist to his straight legs and soft kid shoes. For a moment he hesitated, and I knew what

* Copyright, 1911, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

was in his mind — he was trying to get a mental picture of that figure doubled up in six inches of 'dobe dust helping to wrangle a range yearling.

"'How about it, Bud,' he asks, turning to me, 'have we any place this gentleman could fill?'

"I didn't miss the sarcasm in his words, and I knew my cue was to let the stranger down easy, but just then an idea popped into my head.

"'That Juan Mexican we've got driving the chuck wagon ought to be fired again — he's getting slack, as usual,' I volunteers.

"The boss nodded. 'That's the only thing we have — mule skinning on the chuck wagon — thirty and feed. It isn't a soft job.'

"'I'll take it," says the stranger.

"The superintendent pulled a book out of his desk. 'What name?' he asks.

"For a moment the stranger hesitated, then he looks the boss straight in the eye. 'Smith — William Smith — will do,' he says solemn-like.

"The boss nodded. 'All right, William,' he says. And William it was from that day. That's as near as I ever knew anybody come to getting familiar with him. It wasn't that he was stuck up — was about the humblest mortal I ever saw — but he had a sort of dignity about him that a man just naturally respects.

"Of course, it was a plain case of having seen better days, but that didn't arouse any special comment. That's the way many a good man has made his start in Arizona. Naturally we speculated some as to whether it was a grand jury indictment, a family row, or just a plain case of embezzlement, but we never got any satisfaction out of him. That is, he didn't volunteer any details, and I reckon a man would come about as near questioning him as he would to asking the Sphinx for the time o' day.

"Some of the boys got kind of prejudiced against him because he carried a little testament and would get it out and read it nights and mornings. Naturally you don't expect a man to be strong on religion who has to leave his right name back east for safe-keeping and borrow a nom de plume to write on the fly-leaf of his Bible. Of course, in this country it's bad taste

to be too critical, but that sort of thing gives a man a bad start.

"However, the boys soon began to see William's religion wasn't just a bluff. First off, we laid a trap for him, and every morning when he went out to hook up his four-mule team one of the boys hung around within hearing. I reckon if there is anything on earth that can rasp a man's temper it's lining up four of those warty little bob-tailed jinnies before breakfast. But our scheme didn't bring results. Whatever William may have thought about mules, he didn't say it — in the usual way, at least. One morning I watched him hitch the whole four and start off without breaking the tune of "Lead, Kindly Light" he was whistling. After that we gave it up.

"When he got his first month's pay William sent a letter off to Phoenix, and in a few days we got notice of a box of express at Cave Creek. For a man to send for a box by express on pay day is usually an interesting coincidence, and we were a little uncertain about it. William was away for a week on the north range, and hadn't left any orders about the box. Finally one of the boys drove down after it. He came back disappointed. The box didn't have any glass neck sticking out of the top as usual. It was square all around, and marked 'books.'

"William put his books up on the shelf in the cook shack and invited us all to help ourselves. There wasn't any great rush after we had read over the titles. Most of them had names that a man would have to get explained to him so he would know what he was reading about. One or two was in some dago language. There was one book, by that man Emerson, that I did read a good bit of. The only trouble with him is you have to keep thinking hard all the time to keep up with him. I never could read him more than a half hour without having to take a nap to rest my think apparatus. But William would pore over that book by the hour. On Sundays he could take a hammock and a few of those books and have more fun than most folks could with a twenty-dollar bill at Coney Island.

"It wasn't long till William got his waist line down so his Sunday clothes fit him like a bean bag. He began taking long rides horseback, and once in a while he would tackle one of the outlaws out in the corral. He learned the cow man's trick of

how to fall when he's throwed, and took his punishment like a man. After a few months of that his shoulders began to come up square and his legs to sag like the rest of us. One day he roped a fresh three-year-old buckskin and rode him down to Cave Creek and asked the boss for a job on the round-up. He got it, and the Mexican went back on the chuck wagon.

"I rode range with William for two years. I sort of took a shine to him, and I guess the reason was because he never had much to say. Somehow there's no place a quiet man fits in better than out on the open range. Gossipin' and talk is for towns. When a cow man feels himself bustin' with talk he sings a few hundred verses of some fool song to his horse and don't bother other people.

"All the time you could see William was studying everybody he met up with. He got to be the best 'mixer' on the ranch in spite of his quiet ways. He would ride twenty miles to a schoolhouse 'literary' or preaching, and he had a way of getting acquainted and never making himself conspicuous.

"Sometimes when we would be riding together he would talk. 'Bud,' he says to me solemn-like one day, 'why is it all you men constantly indulge in profanity when you have no more intention of blasphemy than I have?'

"'Well,' I says, after thinking it over, 'I reckon it is the way we was raised, most of us, not casting any aspersions on the old folks either. It seems to be sort of a custom we've got into. When a man ain't strong on rhetoric he just punctuates with cuss words.'

"'And it never hurts your conscience?' he asks.

"That was sort of a stunner. I had never thought about it that way. 'I reckon some of us would be better off if we had been brought up like you was,' I answers. He looks at me hard. 'And I might have been better off if I had got some of your bringing up,' he says. 'Bud,' he goes on humble-like, 'I've lived all my life and never knew the difference between profanity and blasphemy. I've studied since I was old enough to read — I suppose I know a thousand books — and I never knew one man. When I left school I had the rule for everything, I guess. I thought I had, anyhow. But nobody ever told me how to deal

with the exception that proves the rule.' He went on as if he had forgot I was listening. 'I thought I was somebody in those days. Some one who heard my senior thesis at college called it brilliant. Somehow, of late I have come to hate that word. It's always the brilliant bauble that leads the unwary astray; it's good-for-nothing iron pyrites that is the bane of every prospector. My folks banked on me to win. I was to be the big man in the family. Understand?'

"He broke off there, and somehow he didn't seem to get started again. We rode along for miles without speaking, but I guess neither of us changed the subject. We were doing a little quiet thinking of our own — the kind that don't just fit into talk.

"One spring, February it was, we were camping on the North Fork, away up. The weather hadn't begun to break yet, and there was still little skiffs of snow occasionally, and the nights were stinging cold. One day we met up with a nester — one of those boys with a prairie schooner and a half-starved team that's always on the trail looking for some Garden of Eden he has heard of where he can 'take up a little land.'

"Of course there was a woman along, and we soon saw they were in trouble. The woman was sick, and they didn't even have bacon, let alone any appetizing grub. We helped them what we could and told the nester he had better head for town, but he said his wife was too sick to move just then.

"One morning he came hurrying into camp just as we were rolling out. He was a thin, bent little man, his clothes and beard all faded out in the sun, and now he was crying like a child. He seemed to pick out William as the one to go to in his trouble. 'Could I get one of you to go to the nearest town,' he asks, 'she wants — she wanted me to get a — a preacher.'

"'Is your wife worse?' I puts in.

"'It ain't her,' he says, 'she died last night — after the little one came. She was afraid it might go too — I promised her I would have it baptized to-day. She was funny about religion, that way.' He sort of choked up. 'I don't know as you can make it. I'm afraid the little feller is going too.'

"I hadn't been noticing William, but I happened to glance at him as the stranger finished. He was standing over the little

man with his fists clenched and sweat pouring down his face. I never before nor since saw such a look on a human countenance. All at once his expression changed. He laid his hand on the bent, trembling shoulder before him.

"'I am a minister of the gospel,' he says, solemn.

"I have often wondered about that speech of William's. To us who had known him all along and never suspected him of being a parson, somehow it seemed the most natural thing in the world. Even as he stood there in his old, battered sombrero and flannel shirt, and chaps it wasn't hard to understand why he had always been sort of one apart, and no one had ever crossed the line, in spite of his gentle ways.

"I suppose that was one of the strangest baptisms ever performed. William took the water from his big canteen, and the cook scoured up one of his dough pans for a baptismal font. They laid the little red-faced chap on a blanket under the piñons, and then we took off our hats and stood around awkward while William went through the little ceremony. Somehow I had never heard William's voice sound just like it did when he finished that about 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.'

"The nester was right — the little chap didn't live. William had stayed with them, and along about midnight he came into camp and rolled up beside me. 'Bud,' he says, 'we've got to lay off to-morrow. We've got two buryings up on the Fork — and — and I've got to preach the funeral.'

"There was something in his tone that I couldn't get away from. It seemed to sort of haunt me so I couldn't sleep, and I must have laid for hours looking up at the stars. William was pounding around beside me, and I knew there was no sleep ahead for him. Finally, I couldn't hold in any longer.

"'William,' I says, 'I ain't curious about what's your private business, but I think you better tell me about this thing, whatever it is.'

"He was quiet for a long time. 'No — not now,' he says finally, 'I want you to help me judge.'

"The next day we held the funeral, out under the blazing sun in the sand, and left a little monument of stones to mark the spot.

"I am not much of a judge of sermons, but somehow that talk of William's seemed to get to my vitals. Maybe it was partly the picture of that poor, bent, faded-out little man going on toward the promised land leaving his own that way. But, somehow, it seemed to me William was preaching a little more than a funeral sermon. Now and then a note crept in that seemed to have a meaning of its own — a sort of a plea like the cry of a lost soul. There was more than one cow puncher that shed some good honest tears that day — and wasn't ashamed of it neither. I don't know whether the rest of them understood, but when William finished, I knew I had looked into a man's soul and had seen things laid bare that no power in earth nor hell could drag from most men.

"After the service William beckoned to me, and we rode away by ourselves. 'Bud,' he says, 'I am not going to bother you with theology, the theory of atonement, and all that — but — do you suppose the Lord would take me back?' I looked at him close for a minute, a sudden feeling coming over me that, after all, William's case might be just plain insanity.

"'Take you back?' I queries.

"'Bud,' he says, looking me square in the eye, 'ten years ago I started to redeem the world, or to do my share of it — and I failed — failed miserably, utterly. I was sent from one church to another — always a poorer one.' He paused as if trying to comprehend the bitterness of the memory. 'Do you suppose the Lord wants a man back who was too proud to fail, and hadn't the spunk to fight; who ran away like a miserable craven — and — *who swore before his God he would never preach again.*'

"I knew it wasn't advice he wanted so much as sympathetic listening. We rode along for two hours, him doing most of the talking, his ideas milling around like a herd on a stampede. When we came back in the evening he got out his testament and read that parable about the prodigal son. 'Bud,' he says, 'if words can brand a man, I reckon I've got that story seared into my soul.' I tried to head him off, knowing it wasn't good for his peace of mind to run on that way, but he kept it up. 'Bud,' he goes on, 'when that little, miserable nester came to me with his trouble yesterday, something seemed to go out of me — since

then I've known it didn't matter about *me*. I don't want the fatted calf. I've lived on the husks of humility these three years — they are good enough for me — but do you suppose He wants me back — ? ' And then he would thresh it out all over again.

" When we turned in for the night he was still thoughtful and troubled. Along toward morning I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard William's voice in my ear.

" ' Bud,' he says, his voice low and tense, ' I have my answer.'

" I am not naturally religious nor emotional myself, and I guess I don't just understand those things, but I will always remember those words of William's. Somehow, I have always felt like I'd had a peep into the gardens and promised lands he talked about, and had shared the great triumph in the life of a man who had come through tribulations to a place close up to the throne.

" That's why this Annual Report of the Rock River Methodist Conference of Ohio is popular literature around here. I know what you want to ask — what all us worldly minded people are always thinking about. It's funny how things work out. It's been five years since he went back, and now, when it wouldn't matter a bit to William where he was put, they have gone and loaded on to him the biggest church in the district."

The Egg Dance.*

BY ANNETTA HALLIDAY-ANTONA.

HAROLD REDFORD strolled on to the piazza of the Hotel Mediterranean and started as he glanced down the tortuous ascent of the driveway. For a moment he stared at a red sunshade, held above a dainty toilette, and which made a bright splash of color against the green background of semi-tropical shrubbery. Presently, as the sunshade drew near, it was tilted slightly backward, disclosing the features of the owner. With an exclamation Redford sprang down the piazza steps to meet her.

"By the gods! Mabel Carruthers! And five minutes ago I was picturing her in Central Park."

She of the red sunshade looked upward with a smile of recognition, which was in itself a proof that Redford's unexpected appearance was an agreeable surprise. Then Redford found himself apologizing for the excessive cordiality of his greeting, by explaining that any patriotic American should always be exuberant at meeting one of his countrywomen so far from home. It suddenly occurred to him that this was rather an impersonal compliment, and he promptly floundered deeper by trying to express the vast difference between Mabel Carruthers and other American women. As this did not seem to strike exactly the right chord of his intention, he mentally cursed his tongue because it was unable to gather the points his mind wished to convey. Redford's blundering attempt to twist an appreciative note into his excuse made her uneasy. On her part the girl remained silent. She glanced down a little path leading to the lower terraces, with the shimmering blue waters of the Mediterranean beyond, and appeared somewhat relieved on beholding Mrs. Carruthers climbing up wearily.

"I ran away," she laughingly explained, as Redford's eyes

* Copyright, 1911, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

followed her gaze. "Mother will be glad to see you. The sight of an American makes her forget the state of her health."

Redford glanced quickly into her face, and she blushed prettily.

"There," she exclaimed, "my compliment was even more awkwardly expressed than yours, but I won't try to rectify it."

The welcome Redford received from Mrs. Carruthers was evidence that she regarded him as more than a chance acquaintance. She gave him to understand that he was a human oasis in a desert of European snobocracy. Redford was both surprised and delighted. Mrs. Carruthers on the Riverside Drive and Mrs. Carruthers at Monte Florino displayed two different personalities. It set Redford to wondering. It appeared that the American, like the European, acquired an additional value when away from his country. He glanced at the owner of the red sunshade, and wondered if she had also changed her relative opinion. At the bare hope that it might be so, his heart beat quicker.

Ten minutes afterwards, as he sauntered by himself down the path Mrs. Carruthers had toiled, he tried to approximate the values Mabel set upon certain of her friends. A score of times he brought himself before his mind's eye, and then flushed at his own vanity. It seemed so utterly ridiculous, yet there were some little things that pushed themselves forward to be tested and assayed. Redford sighed over these little happenings in the long acquaintanceship between himself and Miss Carruthers. Piled one on top of the other they could not make a footstool of hope, and yet try as he would he could not push them into the background. They persisted in putting an estimate upon themselves. They were defiant memories that refused to be shut out. A lunch at Lesbert's, an opera supper, a summer evening at the Polo Grounds, and a half-dozen rose-pink patches of his life stood up and claimed values that he knew were little more than dreams — delightful undoubtedly but nothing in them that was really tangible or definite.

At last, at the end of a long walk, he admitted that if he was ignorant of the trend of those moments so far as they concerned the cementing of the friendship between himself and Mabel Carruthers into an abiding and deeper sentiment, there was a chance

they might signify more than he scarcely dared to hope. He could only discover by one method, and it was with a smile of gathering confidence he walked up the hotel steps on his return.

The Fates seemed kind to the young American on that spring evening. He found Miss Carruthers on the wide promenade outside the ballroom. Through the open windows came the strains of a military band and the laughter of the dancers, but the merriment and the music annoyed Redford. He proposed a walk down the moonlit terraces, and his pulse quickened when the girl rose and accompanied him. The olive shadows were anemone spangled, and the tea roses and jonquils cast their perfume on the breeze. The palm leaves quivered with a silver sheen, and soft lichens clung to the boulders of the pathway. From terrace to terrace Redford led the girl, down by zig-zag paths luxuriant with tropical plants and scarlet geraniums. On and on they walked, past the little thicket of stone pines, until only faint echoes of the scene they had left behind reached their ears. Redford was silent. Before his mind rose those tormenting memories that took to themselves doubtful values, and they dared him to test them. He smiled grimly as he thought of the only possible way he could appraise their value.

Presently they reached the foot of the hill. A strip of glistening sand shelved gently down to the lapping waves of the sea, dancing and scintillating in the stream of the moon. At a little distance a group of peasants had gathered apparently to engage in some pastime. As Redford and his companion moved toward them, the tinkle of a guitar and the rattle of castanets broke on their ears. They paused to watch a young man and a girl break from the group, and with quick steps dance upon the sand. Eager faces were directed upon the dancers, and hands clapped in beating out a faster time. There was a suspense and excitement which suggested something more than a mere frolic. Words of encouragement were cast upon them, and watchful nervousness seemed to hang upon every step. Suddenly the young man threw up his hands with an exclamation of keen disappointment, and dejectedly withdrew.

"Ah! Ah!" cried several voices. "What a pity! Another egg broken, and August will not get his bride this Easter."

The girl, whose feet ceased to trip lightly only with the breaking off of the music, turned a reproachful look upon her partner.

"Will you kindly tell me what August has done to lose his bride?" Miss Carruthers requested of a woman at her side.

"*Ah, mam'selle,*" replied the woman, "This is our Easter betrothal dance. One hundred eggs are spread out and covered with sand, then a lad and lass dance over them. If they finish the dance without breaking a single egg, they become engaged and nothing can stop their marriage. It is the *mariage aux oeufs,* and such was the second wedding of the good Princess Margaret of Austria and Philibert of Savoy. They were fortunate, but, alas! Already four couples here have broken an egg, and will not marry at Easter.

The forlorn looks of sundry youths and maids, who stood gloomily apart, indicated the clumsy feet that had smashed fragile eggs and equally brittle hopes. They did not seem to appreciate the good-humored jests of their companions.

The master of ceremonies called for another couple, but none stepped forward. The ironical laughter of some of the noncompetitors was too much for the bashful lovers. The test was too public. Suntanned swains backed into the shadows, and the sport of Cupid lagged.

Redford started suddenly and glanced at his companion. The tormenting memories challenged him. Why not test their worth? His tongue tried vainly to put a request into words, but as the girl looked up at him he held out his hand and murmured the one word, "Come." With downcast eyes she took his outstretched hand, and they stepped forward amid a murmur of applause.

The tinkle of the guitar and the rattle of the castanets again throbbed on the balmy air. Beyond the sloping expanse of moonlit orchards gleamed Monte Florino's myriad lights. Far to the south stretched the sea. Around the two Americans were rows of sturdy men and women, delighted to think the two would test their love in true peasant fashion.

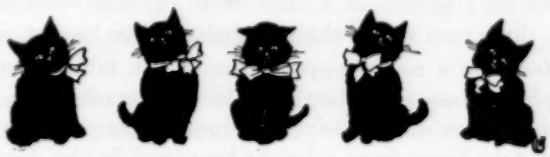
"The eggs will never break if the love is true," shouted a wizened old crone. "Step lightly, lady, and you shall have happiness."

Without false or awkward movement, with eyes sparkling brightly, the two dancers wound through the perilous maze. Daintily, like a feather upon the wind, Mabel Carruthers floated over the smooth sand, until at last the shouts of the peasants told her that the dance was finished. Not a single egg was broken, and as they stepped back from the sand, the sweet bells of San Lucio on the heights rang out for Easter Eve.

"Mabel," whispered Redford, as they climbed the hill, "it is a pity that some enterprising American has not introduced the Egg Dance in our country."

She looked up at him quickly, with mischievous laughter and something else in her eyes.

"It's hardly needed there," she replied, "except perhaps to tell him what he fails to see in a girl's mind."



The Unfinished Test.*

BY ARTHUR P. HANKINS.

ONE army transport was on her way from New York to San Francisco and had not yet reached the Strait of Magellan. Another had just left Manila on the homeward-bound trip. So when the third, and the only remaining one on the Pacific Coast, had gone on the rocks off China Point, in the Hawaiian Group, the large requisition of ammunition for the newly erected heavy-artillery post at Guam had been given to the *Choeltic*, a steamer of the East and West Navigation Co.

The *Choeltic* had just passed the 170th meridian and was about a hundred miles north of the Marshall Group. The sea was placid; the ship rode gracefully on long ground swells. The red tropic sun, two hours high to the uninitiated, was on the verge of that sudden headlong plunge which brings instantaneously black night on the southern sea.

Aboard the *Choeltic*, in a little white smoking-room on the port side aft, three men sat on chairs upholstered in leather, and leaned their elbows on a round-topped Flemish oak table. On the table were siphon, glasses and bottles, a bowl of cracked ice, a vase of straws and a box of expensive Philippine cigars. A heavy green velvet curtain hung from a bright brass rod in the doorway.

Outside in the gangway a seaman stood on a four-step ladder and applied white paint to the bulkhead that partitioned off the smoking-room. His brown arms and legs were bare; as he plied the brush or stooped to dip it into the bucket of paint on the deck the great muscles of his limbs slipped up and down; they resembled copper-colored snakes gliding easily. His face, to the keen reader of faces, would have showed intelligence, though the reserve of a man out of his social element, only half contented with

* Copyright, 1911, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

his lot, was written there. Occasionally he smiled as fragments of the conversation within the smoking-room floated to his ears through the green velvet curtain.

The men around the table were Julius King, a millionaire orange grower of Southern California, Hugh Stanford, also a millionaire, but a drone in the human hive, American born, but an expatriate, and Emery Speer, a Presbyterian missionary. King was investigating the fruit business in the East; Stanford was traveling to kill time; Speer was returning from a vacation in the States.

King was large and bloated. Under his eyes were faint blue pouches. His forehead was high. His iron-gray hair, though in no wise sparse, did not reach down to his temples. He wore a stubby black moustache.

Stanford was slender, elegant. His eyes were dark. He wore a trim Vandyke beard. His lips were red and full and moist; they resembled twin cherries. His fingers were long and slender, as are the fingers of an artist.

Speer was big. His eyes were big and earnest and deep-set. His dark brown moustache was big; his body, his mouth, his hands, and feet were big. He smoked, but did not touch the liquors.

The discussion had taken a turn almost psychological, born of that inexplainable drift in the conversation of men idle, slightly bored — men to whom a trip across the sparkling Pacific has become as prosaic as going for the Sunday mail.

Stanford said:

"I know very little about it. But this I believe firmly: That a man of superior intelligence can compel his physical being to endure torture, to accomplish marvelous results that would overcome completely a stronger man whose mental resources were more limited. Take, for instance, that great lout of a seaman we watched at work this morning. Physically he is perfect, tough as leather, I'll warrant; yet, to my way of thinking, in a severe test of endurance, with great things at stake, I should be able, by supreme concentration of will, to outlast him. His superb physical machine would be as an army without a general — a ship without a helmsman."

Outside in the gangway the seaman who stood on the four-step ladder and painted, smiled gravely.

"I hardly agree with you," said Speer. "Undoubtedly there are limits to the physical machine, but——"

"Pardon, gentlemen." The green velvet curtain bellied and raised; the captain of the *Choeltic* looked into the room.

The three looked at him. King pushed the siphon and a glass across the table and rose, offering a seat.

The captain held up a hand.

"As you know," he said, "we carry a large consignment of ammunition for the artillery at Guam. We left San Francisco short-handed — big strike on in the Sailors' Union, you see. Our cargo was already stowed when the ammunition came aboard; consequently the ammunition received makeshift attention for the time being. Some of it we were obliged to stow in a storeroom on the orlop deck, next to the bunkers. I had intended to move it when we should be clear of the harbor, but the insufficiency of my crew has prevented.

"Our coal this trip is poor — mostly slack — and was wet when we took it aboard. Its quality and condition and the action of the tropic atmosphere has caused spontaneous combustion. It has just been discovered that the coal in the bunkers is smouldering, and that the fire has eaten its way to the center of the great mass, where we cannot reach it with water. The thermometer in the storeroom where the ammunition is stowed registers 120 degrees, and the mercury is climbing steadily.

"Gentlemen, we shall need every able-bodied man aboard this ship to move that ammunition. I need not say that our situation is critical. Please report to the first officer on the orlop deck at once."

The curtain dropped; the captain disappeared.

The three stared blankly into one another's faces.

Speer sprang to his feet. "Come," he said, and pushed through the curtain.

King and Stanford followed.

Amidships they saw the missionary's head just before it sank below the coamings of a hatch. They reached the hatch and descended to the deck below. Below them still they heard the click-

ing of Speer's heels on a steel ladder. They followed to the next deck. Here they paused; again they heard the smart rap, rap of the missionary's heels, still below.

Puffing, King said: "How far down is this deck of the unpronounceable name?"

Again they grasped the man-ropes and descended into darkness.

From the orlop deck they looked up. Above men unshipped hurriedly the network of ladders by which the three had descended. They saw a square patch of blue sky and stars twinkling brightly.

The first officer approached them. He was a hard man. Over his facial bones the brown skin stretched taut.

"This way, gentlemen," he said.

The two followed him down an alley-way. Overhead electric lights swung slowly. On each side the steel bulkheads were hot. The paint on the bulkheads was blistered; the raw smell of it was nauseating. The dry, hot air of the alley-way was stifling. At the end a mass of men crowded together; those of the ship's crew were stripped to the waist.

"Jones, you and Purcell go into the storeroom and pass 'em out!" shouted the mate. "Get in line, the rest of you, and pass 'em for'rd! Lively now!"

When the line was formed, from the storeroom where the shells were stowed extending through the alley-way to the hatch, where block and tackle had been rigged, Stanford, King and Speer found themselves near the middle and in the alley-way.

Ahead of Stanford in line was the seaman who had been painting the smoking-room bulkhead while the three had talked. He was stripped to the waist; his hands were on his hips. When he moved slightly long muscles, like writhing, copper-colored snakes, slipped up and down under his skin.

There was a delay in opening the storeroom door, so Stanford slipped off his coat and overshirt.

"Strip clean," said the seaman, smiling gravely.

"Why?"

"I want no advantage."

"To what do you refer?"

"Your conversation in the smoking-room — I overheard. This will be the test of your theory."

Stanford glared; he stripped off his undershirt.

"As you will," he said.

All the shells in the storeroom were of six-inch calibre. They were in rectangular salmon-colored boxes, about eight by eight inches by five feet long. Each weighed 105 pounds exclusive of its box.

The first came down the line, trundled over the steel deck from man to man. It reached the seaman; he passed it easily to Stanford. Stanford's breath came quick as he realized its weight. Before he had released it the next was upon him. The one following reached the seaman's hands as Stanford passed the one he held to King.

The seaman grinned.

The mate's voice rang down the alley-way from the hatch, where he worked at the hoist: "Lively, men! — send 'em along!"

"Does it disconcert you in steeling your faculties, to wonder which one will blow up in your arms?" asked the seaman of Stanford.

Stanford did not answer. His lips were set.

Overhead-lights danced dizzily; they threw quivering, sickly shadows over the white paintwork, fast turning yellow from the heat. The ship's doctor brought two electric blowers and stationed one at each end of the alley-way. From the night above, through long tubes, they pumped air and distributed it. The circulation made breathing easier, but when the currents reached the nostrils of the laboring men they were searing blasts, as from the mouth of a crater.

Sweat streamed from white bodies; it splashed on the steel deck in pools, dwindled, disappeared. Men tripped on the bolt heads in the deck, staggered, sank to their knees. The soles of their shoes were blistering their feet. Their eyes burned red.

No words were spoken; there were only short gasps of breath, the buzzing hum of the electric blowers, the creaking of the blocks as they jerked their burdens aloft, the dull bump, bump of the shells as they were trundled down the line, from man to man, over the steel deck.

Near the storeroom a passenger sank to his knees, swayed, toppled to the deck, twitching. Over his upturned face the lights danced weirdly. Out of the corner of his mouth hung his tongue, blue and round. Bubbles sputtered between his lips. His eyes were leaden. The doctor dragged him to the air of the hatch.

"Close up!" shouted the mate.

Each man in line took a step toward the vacant place. There was no pause in the stream of shells.

The doctor passed along the line with a demijohn of whiskey. He held it to each man's lips. It was drunk as if it had been water. It streamed from trembling lips to naked chests, dripped to the deck, evaporated. Its raw odor was sickening.

King crumpled up, sank, vomiting, to the deck. A moment he lay, one leg under his body, the knee touching the chin, face against the deck, in the position of a heathen prostrated before an idol. Then he rolled on his back; his glaring eyes stared into Stanford's. His bloated face, purple with strain, looked as if it were about to burst.

Stanford moaned as the shell King had released, and which had remained on end, swaying, toppled against him.

The doctor dragged King to the air.

"Close up!" shouted the mate.

Stanford worked like an automaton. In his face swung a light with the easy roll of the ship. Stanford watched it crazily. As it receded it diminished in size to that of a pin point — a distant, twinkling spark — such a sputtering point of light as is produced by the ends of two live wires being brought together. Then as it swung toward his face it grew and grew until it was a great white radiance, blinding, enveloping; to Stanford's fevered brain, it was of consuming heat, roaring with intensity. As it reached the end of its arc, directly before his face, Stanford dodged, imagining it would annihilate him. The blood throbbed painfully in his temples when it receded. Sometimes it was blue, or red, then vari-colored, as it swung away, miles, miles away — off across that endless black chasm before him. While it was away Stanford's nostrils dilated and sucked in the stifling air. But always the light returned, creeping slowly, growing, searching him out, confident of its power of absolute annihilation. Occa-

sionally it was a burning demoniacal eye that searched for his heart, singeing his lungs, sucking the breath from them, drawing like a poultice.

The seaman labored easily. His great naked chest rose and fell in long respirations. Under his brown skin the long muscles shuttled like copper-colored snakes gliding gracefully. His eyes stared blindly.

He glanced at Stanford once.

"You have only to drop — the doctor will never know the truth," he tempted fiendishly.

Stanford did not hear; the burning eye was crossing the black gulf again, watching him, shifting as he shifted; Stanford was studying out a cunning plan to outwit it when it would reach him.

Water was passed and drunk greedily by some; others called for whiskey. The doctor passed along the line with a fresh demijohn.

Fifteen men had fallen and been dragged to the air. Each man in line was now obliged to take a long step to receive his burden.

Stanford's eyes followed stealthily new phantoms. It was strange he had not noticed them before, he thought. Always they crept along the verge of the black abyss, crouching, seeking the dark places, slinking, gliding craftily. Always they came from the same direction, one by one, in single file; always their shadowy forms merged into the great shadow, were swallowed, and never returned.

Ah! — he knew; he chuckled softly at the discovery. They were the ghosts of a great army, stealing to ambush that other army — that endless procession of salmon-colored shapes that advanced rumblingly. Side by side the armies marched, the one in the shadow quietly, easily, the other stumbling clumsily. He would watch the encounter.

From the hatch the mate shouted: "Lively, men! — send 'em along! Thermometer's at one twenty-five!"

Another man dropped, blood spurting from mouth and ears, fingers twitching talonlike, legs updrawn.

The doctor dragged him out.

"Close up!" shouted the mate.

Stanford tried to obey; he tripped on a bolt head, sank to his

knees. His hands clutched at the air above; he feared he would fall over the precipice. In his ears the throbbing of the blowers changed to the lullaby of water caressing a pebbly beach; birds twittered, mate-calling, as at dawn.

The seaman, holding a shell, extended a hand pityingly.

Stanford regained his footing. The seaman passed the shell.

From the storeroom a man called: "Step right up, gentlemen — your last chance! Only a few more left!"

A feeble cry of triumph answered him.

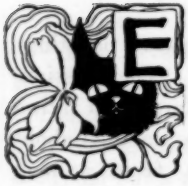
Then came a roar as of planets colliding in space; blinding, withering white annihilation flashed everywhere. The missionary, knocked flat on his back, was struck in the face by a flying bloody arm. From keelson to water line steel plates dangled about a rent in the ship's side, as torn paper dangles from a hoop through which a bareback rider has plunged. Water poured through the rent.

The missionary staggered to his feet. All was blackness; water roared everywhere. He called; none answered. The instinct of direction came to him; he stumbled, half swimming, waist-deep, to the hatch. He grasped the ropes of the hoist and climbed, hand over hand. From above men bawled at him; women screamed. He reached the next deck and struggled to close the water-tight hatch cover. As it started he glanced below. By the light of a swinging electric lamp he saw two mangled, bloody bodies float on the rising water under the hatch. They were together, arms entwined, embracing — dead. One was slight, elegant; the other showed long muscles resembling snakes moulded in copper.

The hatch cover clanged. The missionary screwed it down, confining the water. He knelt on the deck, hands upraised, but could not pray.

The Taming of "Mister" McGraw.*

BY FREDERICK FERDINAND MOORE.



VERYBODY in the garrison was watching the coast steamer from Manila round the point and slide into the bay which served as a harbor for Camp Wallace. She was a stumpy craft, with a puggish bow and a stern that looked as if she had been sawed off at the length her owner had ordered from a mile or so of ship material which could be cut up into lengths to suit, after the manner of sausages.

She had a Chinese name, was registered under the laws of Great Britain in Hongkong, flew the red ensign of the English merchant marine aft and the "house flag" of the United States Quartermasters' Department at her maintop and was chartered by the army to bring frozen beef, ice, mail, men and horses and such other things as a squadron of American cavalry on foreign service needs from the outside world, in weekly trips.

Steamer day at Camp Wallace stood out in the week a thing apart from all the other days. Everything was reckoned from steamer day, and calendars were only used to pick out the dates when the little vessel was due to arrive. When a man died it was so many days before or after steamer day; when Christmas or the Fourth of July drew near it was not whether the dates fell on Sunday that engaged the attention of the garrison, but the relation they bore to steamer day; the officers paid and hired their servants on steamer day, the enlisted men figured the balance of their service as "four steamer days and a breakfast" — or whatever fraction of their time they had to serve — and weddings were always set for the magic date when the *Sung Kiang* bobbed up the China Sea and blew her whistle opposite the coal shed on the beach, to the accompaniment of groaning anchor chains.

* Copyright, 1911, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

This particular steamer day Colonel Gleason sent for Sergeant Casey of H Troop.

"Sergeant," said the commanding officer, "There is a batch of recruits on the *Sung Kiang* — five men who were shipped from San Francisco on a horse transport. Take charge of the detachment and whip them into shape — there is no hurry about turning them for duty. When they are soldiers notify the first sergeant of H troop. That is all."

Casey was an old soldier. Any man who served in the Spanish war is considered an old soldier in our army at the present time, but Casey was a veteran when he fought at Wounded Knee as a sergeant under Gleason when the latter was a captain in the Seventh. His first enlistments were for periods of five years, when "yellow legs" wore riding boots and discharges were written on buckskin, and the men in the service "soldiered twenty-four hours in the day."

He was tall and slender and, despite his gray hair, he was as lithe and strong as any cavalryman in the regiment. He knew how to handle men, and he knew what a recruit was worth for military service the minute he looked at him, just the same as he could tell the good qualities in a horse and how to master it.

Sergeant Casey was on the beach when the lighter brought its nondescript cargo ashore. He looked over the shoulder of the post quartermaster-sergeant when that official checked off cases of bacon, horse medicine, Colt's revolvers and baled hay.

"Find any recruits on there?" he asked.

"Nails, soap, canned beef — five recruits, white, mounted service — there they are. Never mind the receipt now. I guess that's the bunch sitting on the hay bales."

Casey walked over to the pile of hay and surveyed the men. They were talking among themselves in subdued tones and gazing in awe at the natives who were unloading the lighter, the strange tropical trees and the wonderful place into which they had been dumped like freight, after being at sea a month or more.

The old sergeant thought of the day, years ago, when he had first seen soldiers in a Montana post as a raw recruit. He had a vague recollection of how the strangeness of it all had made him feel like a lost soul and for an instant he sympathized with these

men in civilian clothes who were being delivered to him as material for soldiers.

Except for one, they were the ordinary recruits picked up "God knows where." A couple of boys off New England farms, a young Irishman and a blond lad who was a German immigrant.

The other was a typical tough. He had a protruding jaw and a broken nose and his face showed a natural pugnacity. A battered derby hat was tilted on his head at an angle which indicated that, no matter what took place, it was all the same to him. His black hair was parted in the middle with great care, after being soaked with water, and trained down at the sides to the outer edge of his insolent eyes, and his hat was kept on the back of his head to give all an opportunity to observe that each hair was plastered down in its proper place. A dark rim on his neck gave evidence of his disregard for soap and water, and he was smoking a cigarette. Over one ear he had a supply of matches, and the other held an extra cigarette.

"Are you the recruits?" asked Casey.

The other four shuffled uneasily and then looked at the broken-nosed one, as though expecting him to answer for them.

"We're the new men," said he, lolling on the bale of hay and blowing a slender ribbon of smoke from between his teeth, "I'm for the cavalry and so be these guys."

"Stand up, men," said the sergeant, "when soldiers talk they do it on their feet. Which one has the squad roll?"

The smoker dipped two yellow fingers into a greasy vest pocket and brought out a slip of paper, which he carefully unfolded and, after looking it over languidly, held it toward Casey. He had not moved from his position on the hay, but his companions had slipped to the ground and were leaning against the bales.

"I'm in charge," said the spokesman. "The boss soldier in Thirty-second Street turned these plugs loose wit' me to bring across, and here they be. Me name is down wit' the rest — I'm Mr. McGraw."

Casey tugged at his white mustache and shot a glance at the speaker. "I told you to get down off the hay," he said, very gently. "I am telling you now that when I say a thing I mean it and when it's said once that's the end of it."

There was something in that voice which startled McGraw and in surprise he slipped to the ground. When he looked at the sergeant he let his eyes drop — he could not meet the cold gaze of the old soldier.

He looked up presently with a sneer on his lips and his jaw thrown out, but those eyes were boring into his soul and he looked down again, giving a hiss of contempt as he exhaled the cigarette smoke.

"Take that cigarette from behind your ear."

McGraw automatically obeyed, but he showed his anger in the insolent and lazy manner in which he pocketed the paper cylinder.

"Stop smoking."

McGraw started, and looked up again in mild horror at the last order. He sniffed contemptuously and then deftly pulled the fire from the end of his cigarette and tucked the latter into his vest pocket. He was a little bolder in betraying his anger, glancing at his companions as if to say that he was just letting this stranger have his way to see how far he would dare to arouse his wrath. A peculiar little smile quivered on the side of his mouth, perhaps because he pitied this old man who did not know how he dealt with people when pressed too far.

"Put your hat on straight."

Amazement moulded his features into a new shape. He put his hand to the derby and gently felt of it.

"It is on straight," he replied, twitching his shoulder and putting on an air of bravado.

"A minute ago I told you I said a thing once. If I have to say it a second time — will I have to tell you a second time?"

Reluctantly the hand went to the derby and the hat was twisted a little until it covered the water-soaked hair, but it was still tilted over to the left. McGraw's lips were pulled away from his yellow teeth, in a half snarl and half smile, trying to appear amused, and he assumed a careless air, as if waiting to see what the next preposterous order would be from this man in khaki.

Sergeant Casey opened the squad roll and called off the names, after getting the men to fall into line, and then he marched them in column of twos through the native village, and into

the post. By the time he had superintended their bathing and had supplied them with clothing from the quartermaster, mess call for dinner sounded.

During the drawing of the uniforms McGraw made comments on the sergeant to his companions. He spoke through the side of his mouth and tried in every way to have the sergeant notice that he was being criticized.

"Watch me smoke," he said to the German. "I don't stand for no monkey business from nobody. Let him go — let him hand it to me — this is a new graft and the burg is strange, but after awhile I'll have the layout down fine and I'll give him a run. He don't need to think *I* got off no load of hay — he can't put it over me."

The German smiled faintly and went on counting his issue socks. He understood but little of what McGraw said. The latter was not talking so much for the enlightenment of the recruit as to impress Sergeant Casey. The non-commissioned officer heard the remark and saw the look of defiance which followed it, but he went on checking off canvas leggings and hat cords and brass buttons. He had heard such talk before McGraw was born.

After dinner Casey took his awkward squad behind the commissary storehouse and began teaching them the rudiments of military life. They stumbled through the "facings" and began to learn how to step off with the left foot, how to be "all chest and no belt" and the proper manner of standing up.

Casey was gentle and patient, and he seemed to take a kindly interest in McGraw, to the great mystification of the latter, who began to show his contempt more openly.

In a week the recruits had made favorable progress in their dismounted drill. The effect of Casey's training was noticeable in their bearing and they were beginning to feel natural in uniforms and were imperceptibly becoming soldiers.

McGraw still retained his sneering ways and was growing bolder with his insolent airs. Sergeant Casey refrained from any show of authority in handling him and ignored many studied insults. McGraw began to have a growing conviction that the sergeant was afraid of him, and he was becoming more perfunc-

tory in obeying commands, trying at times to see how careless he could be in going through the manual of arms, without being gently reminded that he was lax in the performance of the movements with the carbine.

He rather liked the army, for the meals were regular and owing to the heat he was only required to drill a few hours a day. He did not realize that he was not yet doing the duty of a soldier. He attended none of the troop drills, did no guard duty nor any of the other things in the routine of garrison life, except to attend stables and groom a horse.

He became quite loud-mouthed in barracks and because the older soldiers talked to him and made him the butt of many jokes and the harmless raillery of the barrack room, he imagined he was quite a favorite and was making many friends. He did not know the army well enough to understand he was being noticed simply because the men liked to hear his rowdy slang and accepted him as a buffoon to amuse them.

As he grew more accustomed to his surroundings his old swagger came back and his jaw became more noticeable. Under Casey he learned how to throw his shoulders back, but when not behind the commissary building he recovered his slouching gait and carried one of his shoulders ahead of the other and his campaign hat was suspended from his left ear.

In some mysterious manner his comrades learned how he had introduced himself to Casey as "Mister McGraw" and he was generally known as "Mister" but he missed the humorous side of the name.

While McGraw was entertaining the barrack room with tales of his prowess in street fights in New York and his adventures with police and his jokes about when he was in jail for petty offences, Sergeant Casey was usually lying in his bunk placidly smoking his pipe. He apparently did not hear any of the stories, but his bunk-mates observed that he did hear them, and understood with him that some of the accounts of what a terror McGraw was in a fight were being told for the benefit of the old non-commissioned officer. And because they understood they were greatly amused, and smiled and winked at each other in the dim light of the squad-room lamps.

McGraw drew to him three or four men who recognized in him a leader, and to whom he became a sort of model. They began to adopt his slang and assumed his reckless ways. McGraw called them "de gang," and with the astuteness of a politician he drew others into his circle. But because his first adherents were none too popular in the troop, his friends were limited.

His closest associate was Murphy, the third cook. Murphy did not deny that his name was assumed, and he had been detailed in the kitchen because he was suspected of a series of thefts from squad rooms. Some knew and others suspected that Murphy had a bad record and was in the army to avoid being in the penitentiary. Criminals are rarer in the service than civilians imagine and their military career is almost always ended in a government prison.

The others who attached themselves to McGraw did so for the same reason that small boys like to get near the big drum in a band. They had not been able to get into any of the little cliques which grow up in a troop, and so had gravitated to McGraw, and under him developed a pugnacity wholly unsuspected before the recruits had come to the troop.

In due time the new men learned to stay on a horse. Three weeks after their arrival they finished the preliminary training of troopers and were ready to take up the duties of a soldier.

Sergeant Casey reported to the First Sergeant that four men from his squad were ready for active service. "I'll keep McGraw under me awhile longer," he told his superior, "I don't know how long it will be before you can have him, but — well, he isn't a soldier yet."

McGraw could not understand why his companions were turned in to the troop as finished soldiers and rode out to mounted drill with the veterans, while he was compelled to go through the tiresome saber exercises behind the commissary building and be jeered at by the others.

He meekly sought the reason from Casey and receiving no enlightenment he became surly and went through his work reluctantly. He held mysterious conversations with his satellites in the corner of the barracks and made remarks, the meaning of which were veiled in cryptic phrases, yet conveyed threats.

Casey apparently did not understand that McGraw was reeking with contempt for him, and the non-commissioned officers could not understand why the old man tolerated the insubordination and insults of the recruit.

"I would look out for that man McGraw," said Holcomb, the quartermaster-sergeant, "He's the knife-in-the-dark tribe, and don't you let him come any sneaking tricks with you, Casey; you have too many bad Sioux scalps in your belt to let that white-livered tough do for you."

"I know the marks," replied Casey, "I had the trail before you savvied what was in the timber."

A dozen Filipinos were digging a cistern behind the barracks. Coming back from drill one day, Casey put McGraw at work with a shovel at the volcanic rock, and he found himself a laborer with the natives.

"I ain't standing for this," he told Casey, when the latter put a shovel in his hand, "I ain't no pick and shovel dago — I could done this on the outside. I enlisted to soldier."

"You enlisted to obey my orders," said Casey, with more firmness than he had shown for weeks, and a tightening of his lips which older men in the service knew to be a sure signal of danger. "The refusal of duty is mutiny and you can get twenty years for mutiny in this Yankee Doodle army. Go to it and shut your jaw."

"I'll go in the guard house first," said McGraw, throwing down the shovel before the grinning natives.

"No, you won't," said the sergeant quietly. "Soldiers go in the guard house when they don't want to, never at their own request."

"Put me in the mill," exclaimed McGraw, doubling his fists and throwing his jaw forward, "You put me in the mill."

Casey took out his pipe, slowly filled it and after it was burning to his satisfaction he calmly looked McGraw in the eye and said soothingly:

"Go to work now."

McGraw stooped and picked up the shovel. There was something in the tone of the sergeant which sent a chill through him. He was determined not to obey, but he found himself automatically going to work. He mentally cursed himself as he drove the shovel into the rotten stone. He could not understand why he did it when

he was ready to fight until he dropped to avoid the labor in the hot sun with the half-naked Filipinos.

He had a faint idea which he could not quite analyze that this was some new force, some compelling power, which he had never encountered before. He was accustomed to meeting and overcoming physical power, and mastering or submitting by the measure of his strength. The quiet, gentle command, which dominated him so easily, puzzled him, and he thought he must understand it better before trying to stand out against it.

As he went through the motions of work and accomplished as little as he could, he remembered he had met one man in his life who used this same power, although he did not recognize it at the time. It was when he had stood before a chief of detectives in New York and told all he knew about a crime, and wondered afterwards what he had really told, and why he had been so foolish.

The detective had also spoken quietly, without threats or bluster. He remembered that the man had looked at him with gray eyes and had drawn his lids together the same as Casey did when he spoke.

He did more thinking during the two hours Casey kept him at the task than he had ever done in his life. He had discovered something which he never before suspected — that there was another way to rule men besides large biceps, upper cuts, and engendering fear of physical punishment.

He had gained considerable notoriety as an amateur pugilist, but ring battles did not come often enough for him, so he became a "bouncer" in a Bowery saloon. He could not remember when he had been whipped by any one man, and he had whipped as many as five at once more times than he knew.

Fear of prison or the vengeance of Casey's friends did not restrain him from attacking the sergeant. He took punishment stoically and blows from an adversary only drew his admiration.

For three days Casey kept him at work digging in the cistern and drilling. His humiliation was the talk of the garrison and his own friends laughed at him when he tried to talk with them about Casey and ask their advice.

On the third night after McGraw had been put at hard labor, he was reported missing from quarters at check roll call at eleven o'clock.

Casey was returning to the barracks from the married quarters when "taps" was sounded, and he heard the non-commissioned officer in charge of quarters report to the officer of the day "Troop H, one private absent, sir."

"Who is it?" asked Casey, as he approached the corporal.

"McGraw, and a pistol is missing from the gun rack."

McGraw was absent from roll call in the morning and the news that he had "pulled his freight" was passed along the troop lines.

Casey did not wear his white suit when he went to stables. The men noticed that he had his pistol and that his rubber "slicker" was rolled on the pommel of his saddle. The troop knew the object of his journey when he rode out of the corral and down through the native town and then headed for San Fernando, four miles down the beach. He was going after McGraw.

The town was simmering in the heat waves which arose from the yellow sand of the main street when Casey rode into the plaza and turned up an alley which was honored with the name of Holy Angels Street.

He stopped before the Silver Dollar saloon. A group of packers and teamsters was sitting on the porch about the tables. McGraw was watching a game of monte and did not see the sergeant until the latter stood before him.

"I am going back to the post, McGraw — want to ride in with me?"

The card table was between Casey and the recruit. The teamsters knew Casey and the careless drawl of his voice told them what was about to happen. McGraw had been trying to sell his pistol. The men quietly got up from the table and went into the saloon.

McGraw scowled and dropped his eyes to the bamboo flooring.

"Come on," said Casey, "it's about drill time."

"I ain't goin' back," replied McGraw doggedly, looking down to the beach to avoid those compelling eyes. "I ain't goin' to stand for no slave drivin' no more. I ain't goin' back — see? And if you come any monkey business with me, I'll break you in two. Ye git that?" he demanded truculently, raising his voice and turning to the sergeant, his boldness returning as he saw

the old cavalryman standing quietly before him and gazing at the green cover of the table as if in doubt what course to pursue.

"Ye ain't goin' to make no nigger out of me," began McGraw again, after a pause to see what effect his words would have, "and you leave me alone. If I go back, it won't be with you, and you can put that in your little red pipe and smoke it — see? That's me you hear."

"You are going back now," said Casey, straightening up and putting his arms akimbo. "You are going back to the post now, McGraw," he repeated, "and you are going back with me."

"Damn you, I ain't!"

He whipped out the pistol from his pocket and raised it to fire. There was a sharp report and his arm fell limply to his side and the pistol clattered to the porch. Before he knew what had happened he was hurled to the ground by a blow and in an instant his feet were gripped in a rawhide noose and his uninjured arm was strapped to his belt.

He fought with tooth and nail, begged, pleaded and cursed, but he was powerless. Casey bound up the bleeding arm with the skill which comes from many drills and practical experience in giving first aid to the injured.

The teamsters were at their game of monte again when Casey picked up McGraw and hung him across the neck of his horse, mounted up and galloped down Holy Angels Street.

McGraw was sitting in the convalescent room of the hospital with his wounded arm in a sling, when an attendant brought him a package of tobacco and a book of cigarette papers. "Sergeant Casey sent them to you," said the hospital man.

Before rolling a cigarette McGraw gazed at the tobacco and seemed to be turning something over in his mind. He sat and smoked through the day and tried to fathom the reason his enemy had done him a kindness.

McGraw watched the swift darkness of a tropical night blot out the quarters across the parade ground and drop down on the fringe of palm trees which screened the headquarters building. He was trying to count the stars as they popped out of the

black sky as if some one were punching holes in the roof of the world.

He started as a campaign hat rose from under the window and he saw Sergeant Casey smiling at him in the light from the hospital lamp.

"How's your arm?" said he. "Thought I'd drop over and see you — gets lonesome in hospital — I've been up against it myself."

"It don't bother me none," said McGraw, and then he was angry with himself because he had replied. He thought he should refuse to talk to the sergeant after what had happened. He had been trying to form some plan for revenge before the tobacco arrived, but gave it up during the afternoon.

"Oh, it will be all right," went on Casey, putting his elbows on the window sill. "Only a flesh wound, the doctor tells me. You'll be out in a few days and good as ever."

McGraw was silent. He wanted to say something cutting and insolent, but could not find a phrase which suited him.

"Brought you a bite from the canteen," continued Casey, and he passed a pie through the window. "Hospital grub sticks in a man's throat — and here's a bottle of beer I thought you might like."

McGraw pulled up to the window and ate and drank furtively, holding the bottle outside the window when the steward passed him. He thought he had never tasted anything so good before.

"Say," he said, after the meal, "where's Murphy?"

"Oh, he's in the cook shack; saw him playing poker with the cook's police as I came by."

There was another long silence.

"How's Robinson and Hixon, and the rest of the gang?"

"All right, I reckon; they're down in the *barrio* at a dance tonight."

"Ask about me?"

"No-o. Never said a word. I guess they don't reckon you're in a bad way. Ain't they been up to see you?"

"No!" exclaimed McGraw, "I ain't got no friends here nor anywhere else."

"Why, how about me?" asked Casey.

"You! After that cistern and — and San Fernando?"

"Why not? I don't savvy what that has to do with it."

McGraw looked out across the black void of the parade ground to where he could see the lights of the barracks. He heard the laughter and the sounds of gaiety which four hundred men produce when they are trying to keep homesickness and the killing garrison routine in an isolated post from getting the upper hand of them.

"No, nothing doing in the friend line for me."

"You have one — that's me. It's up to you, McGraw. Oh, I forgot to tell you what I came up for mostly — I'm going to turn you in for duty when you come out of the hospital."

McGraw was still looking over to the troop lines.

"Is it a go?" asked Casey, holding out his hand.

"What?"

"Well, the friend business — I'll leave it to you."

"It goes," said McGraw, after pondering a minute. He held out his left hand.

Private McGraw was a cavalryman when Sergeant Casey went back to quarters.

Is She Happy?*

BY MICHAEL WHITE.

R. NOYO HIROSHIMA was not quite as other Japanese, that is, you did not run up against a mental blank wall the moment you passed the region of conventional courtesy. If his use of English acquired in Japan was perhaps a trifle quaint, he made up for this disadvantage by an evident desire to be pleasing. That was why Bingham exerted a special effort to respond to a letter of introduction on behalf of Hiroshima. That was how they came to be seated together at the grand opera, waiting for the raising of the first curtain.

Hiroshima regarded the scene through his gold-rimmed spectacles with much interest, never having witnessed a grand opera before. He watched the filling up of the house, the entry of the orchestra, then swept his eyes over the tiers of boxes, and expressed his admiration for the exquisitely gowned and bejeweled occupants. What Hiroshima thought of our décolleté custom, which would be so terribly shocking in Japan, he kept discreetly to himself.

As a matter of fact his whole interest was presently centered on a particular box. Among the party that took possession of it was as charming and dainty an appeal to the eye as was to be met with in the whole house. In contrast to her fashionably attired companions, a Japanese woman's picturesque kimono and rich *obi* was most effective. And after her kind she was extremely pretty.

Bingham, following Hiroshima's gaze, also noticed the stranger, and recognized her as the bride of an American who had resided in Japan for some years. Mr. Garelock, the husband, stood behind his wife's chair, and seemed proud of the attention she received in glasses leveled on her from other boxes. She was

*Copyright, 1911, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

evidently more of a novelty than the latest extravagance in diamond tiaras. Then the curtain went up on the first act.

Hiroshima was too polite to stare continuously at the box containing his fellow countrywoman, but Bingham is certain he saw and heard little of the opera. His eyes, it is true, were fixed steadily in front, but it was as if the present scene were lost to view, in some far-off reminiscence of which his impassive features failed to disclose any significance. Toward the end of the last act he seemed to display more interest in the theme of the opera, and at its conclusion rather surprised Bingham with a pointed comment in the form of a question.

"I think your opera very nice, yes, very nice; but the lovers were — as you say — to be happy in the end?"

"Yes, I guess that was about how it finished up," replied Bingham.

"Ah!" ejaculated Hiroshima reflectively. "We wish it should be — as you say — like that finish up. But with you is it always so in that way?"

"No, I am afraid not always," replied Bingham.

"Ah! not so always," nodded Hiroshima.

To complete the evening's entertainment Bingham took Hiroshima over to a fashionable restaurant. Hiroshima was much pleased, gratified, and impressed with the whole *mise-en-scène* — the artistic decorations, the flower adorned tables, and the prevailing atmosphere of sparkle and gaiety. At least he was struggling with the English language to express himself in such wise, when the party from the opera, of which the Japanese woman was a member, entered. Hiroshima at once grew silent. He did not turn toward the table occupied by the opera party, but looked as if he were again abstracted. In the meantime Bingham nodded toward one or two members of the party whom he knew, and addressed his Japanese guest.

"What a delightful picture your fellow countrywoman makes," he said, with genuine admiration. "She is remarkably pretty."

Hiroshima came out of his mental haze with as much of a start as is possible with one of the rigorously self-controlled subjects of the Mikado.

"Ah, she looks, yes! yes! — as you say — very pretty. That is how she looks."

"Well," ventured Bingham, detecting a subtler meaning in Hiroshima's words than lay upon the surface. "Well, if she feels as happy as she looks, I guess there's not much more to be said."

Hiroshima methodically removed his spectacles and wiped them, adjusting them again so that the focus was exactly right. He was particular about his spectacles, having, as he casually explained, once found difficulty in training a gun on the Russians owing to a slight imperfection in one of the lenses. That was merely an incident relating to the capture of a whole brigade of Russians, the important thing being the necessity for absolutely perfect spectacles in such contingencies, which he reported to the proper authorities. Presently he waved his hand toward the bouquet of flowers on the table.

"They look very pretty. In the garden in which they grew, I think they were happy. In this place so — so different — so much finer than their garden, they still look very pretty. But because — as you say — they were cut off, they are dying. I would like to know if they are as happy as they were in their garden."

Bingham stared at Hiroshima with some wonder, because a sentiment of that kind coming from a man who talked indifferently about capturing brigades of Russians, was, to say the least of it, unusual. It sharpened his desire to probe further.

"Do you mean to draw an analogy between — "

Hiroshima bowed slightly as he interposed.

"Only I would like to know if they are happy. As you say — that Japanese woman is very pretty. I will tell you about her, because I know. Yes, I know about her. Before she married Mr. Garelock — a very fine man — she was once happy. That was when she was loved by a young student. He thought her very pretty, and that she would make him a good wife. She loved that young student very much, and was happy.

"Then that young student was told something about her which made him angry. He would not listen to what she said, he was

so — so, yes, that is what you say, fireblood. He did not like there to be another man. It was not true what he was told, but he did not know until it was long, long too late. So he discarded her, is that what you say, threw her away? Yes, that is it. He threw her away and married another girl he did not much like, not the same as the first girl, never so because she is now always lost.

"It was very — ah, yes — very unhappy for her, that girl he so foolish throw away. She loved the young student — yes, I know — and her parents were angry, too, because they think she miss a good match. So she went to be a geisha and make others happy. That was sometimes — as you say — a hard work, because she was herself sorrowful. I think that is why she was so successful as a geisha girl. The tea house at which she sang was always full of customers, and made so much money.

Then Mr. Garelock came to the tea house. He thought, too, she was very pretty, but he did not know what was in her heart. She made laughter and sang for him, and he thought she must be happy. She was so pretty, he wished to — as you say — I think kiss her. But she was not like that. She was still very sad — yes, I am sure — still very sad for the lover who had thrown her away. But Mr. Garelock, he was much in love with her. He sent her many presents, he talked with her parents, he said he wished her for his wife to make her happy. He loved her very much — yes, I think that — and wished to make her happy. He was very kind to her. She — yes — perhaps grateful at last marry Mr. Garelock."

Hiroshima paused, seemed to regard the menu with interest, and presently glanced upward toward the ceiling.

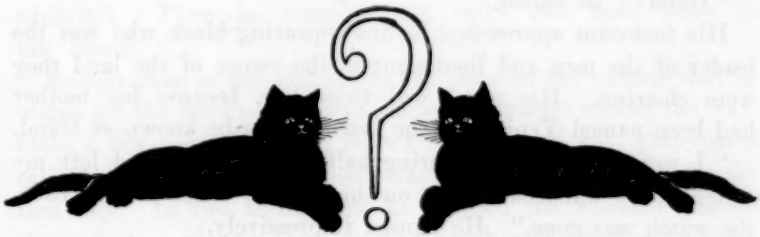
"Yes, Mr. Garelock marry her, and — as you say — she is very pretty. But I would like to know — yes, that is all I would like to know — if she is happy. But I do not think I shall know that. I do not think she will tell any one what lie so far down."

The orchestra struck up a spirited air, and Hiroshima relapsed into abstraction. At the table of the opera party the Japanese bride seemed to be enjoying herself. Was it but the repeated effort of the tea house, prolonged into a lifetime of secret regret? Who could tell? Certainly not Bingham. Hiroshima shortly

made an excuse to retire, regretting that some pressing work prevented his being introduced to the opera party.

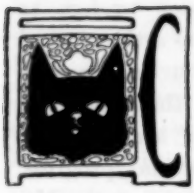
Subsequently it rushed upon Bingham that his guest might have been the young student referred to. He was sorely tempted to gratify a natural curiosity, but Hiroshima politely set aside every reference to the subject. When a Japanese prefers to adopt that course, as well may you try to break into a time-locked safe with a pocket knife. The secret had been buried again in the depth of an impenetrable nature. During the remainder of their intercourse Hiroshima wore an attitude of keen interest, even delight, in everything which made for material progress. A stranger would have scoffed at the idea of sentiment in Mr. Hiroshima, and Bingham wondered.

Hiroshima presently went back to Japan, doubtless unable to answer his own question — Is she happy? One hopes she is, but hope is a faint light with which to search the unspoken. Certainly in her smiling, happy laugh, apparently so full of artless mirth, you will never detect any sob that may lie underneath. In that respect she remained of the same tribe as Hiroshima.



Plain and Fancy Voodoo.*

BY R. C. KENAMORE.



APTAIN CROMWELL stood erect and looked at the two hundred negroes who were laying low the forest. He was deeply troubled. He looked over the ground near him again, although he knew that his watch and chain were gone, and he knew that one of his negroes had stolen it.

He was the only white man within twenty miles and one of the few in all Mississippi who would have felt perfectly at ease so far from his own race with that number of slaves. His neighbors had warned him against such carelessness, but he knew his people. His confidence had suffered but little in the realization that some one of them had taken the watch, but he did not want to lose it. Then to let the culprit go undetected would set a bad precedent. Besides in the back of the case was the picture of a young lady. The captain admired the young lady inordinately and he feared to think what she would say if she knew he had lost her picture.

"Gand!" he called.

His factotum approached, a fine-appearing black who was the leader of the men and lieutenant to the owner of the land they were clearing. His name was Gondolier, because his mother had been named Venice, but he had come to be known as Gand.

"I went to the upper spring half an hour ago and left my watch in my waistcoat pocket on this chair. When I came back, the watch was gone." He paused impressively.

"You don't say," Gand groaned in horror.

"Who do you reckon got it? What niggers were about here while I was gone?"

"Well, a lot of 'em was. Sip (his name was Scipio) and his

* Copyright, 1911, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

bunch was cleanin' up the bresh here and Poly and his crowd drug a tree through here to the fire and they was a lot more. I was, but 'fo' Lawd, I didn't git it."

"I am sure you did not, but you have got to help me get it back. Do not say anything to any of the boys until I tell you that you may." The master gave himself up to deep thought and the troubled man poked about in the grass uneasily.

"Gand, if I had gone home yesterday, as I had intended, and had left you to run the camp, and had left you my watch to tell when to go to work and when to quit, and the watch had been stolen, what would you have done?"

The negro apparently already had considered the question, for he had an answer ready.

"I would a rid straight to Fordney's and ast Aunt Phoebe who stole my watch."

Aunt Phoebe's fame had long since spread afar. She dealt in plain and fancy voodoo, found lost articles, joined parted lovers, cured "the sickness" and counteracted spells and conjures.

What Captain Cromwell most desired was opportunity to consider in solitude the question in hand, and he knew well the moral effect a visit to Aunt Phoebe would have. So he instructed Gand to inform the men, casually, that the master had gone to see the old witch and that he would not return before nightfall. Then he mounted his mare and rode away to the South.

Endeavoring to put himself in the place of the culprit that he might get the thief's viewpoint, he let his mount choose the way. Only a few years later, his mare's colts carried gay, gray-coated soldiers North to war, but there was no sign of trouble in the sky that day. In two hours' ride he reached the Fordney plantation, where a planter from farther South was opening up land, as Captain Cromwell was doing. The immense trees, felled and piled and burned, made way for the march of King Cotton. Only negroes were in the camp as he rode down the line of new cabins to the one pointed out as Phoebe's. He talked to her for half an hour, gave her a bright silver dollar, received a toothless grin for thanks and rode back home.

The master ate his supper and went to bed without satisfying

Gand's obvious curiosity. The next morning Gand was instructed to keep a close mouth.

"I am going down on the Little River this morning," Captain Cromwell told him. "You keep the boys at work and if I do not have my watch back by this time to-morrow, I will give you half a dollar." Either prospect was goodly to Gand, as his wide smile proved.

At noon the master returned to his quarters carrying a bundle wrapped in cloth. He ate his midday meal and then went to the log house known as the carpenter's shop. Old Jord of the stiff knee was told to clear out as Marse Cap' was going to do some carpentering himself.

For two hours he labored in solitude and silence, with saw and knife and sandpaper. Then he went to the awning-covered desk and chair, which he called his office.

"Gand, call all the hands up here. I want to talk to them," he said. From near and far, from kitchen, shop and forest came the black men, all curious, all jovial and care-free to appearance, but one, no doubt, quaking. When they were grouped before him, the master spoke.

"Some nigger in this crowd stole my watch and fob, with my seal yesterday, and I have got to get it back. So I went down to ask Aunt Phoebe to work a spell for me." He paused impressively to let the witch's name sink into his hearers. "She has done so." This was said very slowly and with much significance.

"Here are 196 pipestems. There are just 196 of you all," he went on, showing them a bundle of reeds, all just alike. "All these stems but one are exactly the same length. That one is longer than any of the others. It is just as much longer as a one-cent piece is thick." He held up an old-fashioned penny, larger than a silver quarter. This coin was common and every slave had some of them.

"You boys must walk past me here now, and as you pass, each must take one pipestem," the Captain continued. "You must take it to your quarters to-night and bring it to me here at seven o'clock to-morrow morning. You must not let anybody else see it, and you must not break it.

"All you that have done nothing wrong have nothing to fear,

for no harm will come to you. But the nigger that stole my watch will get the long piece of pipestem. Aunt Phoebe said so, she worked the conjure, and she knows."

The dark procession filed by and the keen-eyed captain watched closely for a sign of guilt as each dusky hand reached into the bag he held, but there was no sign. The Captain was romancing. for all the reeds were exactly the same length.

The next morning at seven, the anxious men were all at the office. Captain Cromwell had been there half an hour and had arranged a box for the reception of the pipestems. The flat blade of a hand-saw formed the back of the box, while the front was open. Thus one end of the stems rested against a perfectly smooth surface.

"All ready, now, boys. Walk slowly past, one at a time, and hand me your pipestems," the captain commanded.

The procession crawled like a worm. The master took each piece of reed as it was handed to him and laid it in the box, pushing one end against the saw blade. His fingers played unceasingly over the exposed ends, testing the length of the separate pieces. A hundred men passed and there was not a fraction of an inch difference in the length of the pieces he had taken in. Their ends, under his fingers, were as smooth as a tombstone. He had worked carefully the preceding day to make them so. Then came Napoleon and his ten men, newly bought from Alabama. They were fine, upstanding fellows, and good woodsmen.

The third one in the squad handed in his piece of pipestem, just as the others had done, but as soon as it was laid with the others, Captain Cromwell's fingers told him the story.

It had been cut off just the thickness of a copper one-cent piece. Fear, a guilty conscience, and Aunt Phoebe's conjure had done the work.

"Gand, grab this fellow and tie him up," the Captain thundered.

Three of the negroes who had been born on the Cromwell plantation sprang to obey.

"Search him," was the next command, but the black man sank on the ground and wept.

"I tuck it. It's in my cabin," he wailed presently. "Please don't sell me up the river. Please don't, Marse Cap'n."

"Untie him," the Captain said to Gand. "Take him to his cabin and send him back here with my watch. The rest of you go to work."

Almost crawling, the slave carried the watch to its owner and laid it in his hand. Then he stood with bowed head and averted face to hear his doom. Gand waited near by to play the executioner.

"I ought to whip you half to death and then sell you to the littlest steamboat on the river, but I won't. Gand, take this nigger back to Major Chaulnes and tell him that I will keep the rest, but that I do not want this one.

"Tell him this one *tried* to steal my watch."

The Blood of His Fathers.*

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

T was against all precedent for Shamness Pane to become a minister. The brilliant Kentucky family to which he belonged had from earliest time borne a strong strain of sporting blood in its veins. They had been gentlemen farmers in the main, breeding horses which beat the world. Exclusive, indeed, living like lords in their manorial homes, but seeing to it that no one suffered who dwelt within the limits of their extensive acres. The men were hot-blooded, living each day with a dash and swing, recognizing no obstacle to any cherished desire, but loved and respected by all the county, because of their royal way of winning what they wished. Hypercritical as to female beauty and grace, and attainments and birth, the successive generations had at last produced a remarkable breed. The men, of glorious build; a hard-riding, fast-living, generous set. The women, perfectly moulded, of beautiful face, and brilliant intellect, and superior accomplishments in music and painting.

To this family was born Shamness Pane.

He grew up an alien to the stock. Far under the Pane height, and bright eyed, but slender and pale, he preferred the library to the race-course; the music of the piano to the music of the hounds. Because of his peculiar and unwarranted temperament, he was not a favorite with his kinspeople. He could and did ride, sitting a thoroughbred after the manner of his forebears, tight to the saddle, and mastering the most spirited horse by native art, but his ways always led among leafy bowers and shady lanes, rather than on the dusty highway, or the perilous chase. It was not that he feared bodily harm would befall him that he did not ride to the voice of the pack, but from an innate

* Copyright, 1911, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

sensitiveness of spirit which caused him to shrink from the murderous and bloody finish. His kinsmen tolerated him; even commiserated him, because he was what he was, and couldn't help it. His kinswomen, while not according him that measure of superior respect which they universally rendered their male creatures, yet found in him something which the others could not offer — a certain gentleness and understanding which made his company very pleasant.

Much reading and quiet reflection brought about the determination in Shamness that his duty was the redemption of souls. He was as strong-minded as any other, and the half-sneering laughter which greeted his declaration that he was going to study for the ministry did not cause him to waver for a moment. But his very name was against him. Some college wag quickly saw his opportunity, and "Shampane" he was rechristened, and continued to be. Surely a most unfortunate title for an embryo preacher. His peculiar name was the surname of his mother's family.

When he was seven he had met Diana Crew, aged five. They had promptly quarrelled, fought, made up and loved. They were quite unlike. Diana — true to her name — grew up a slim wood-goddess, living on the back of her favorite horse, a devil-inhabited black mare which constantly sought to work damage to its mistress. Tempestuous in her nature, passionately fond of racing, and worshipping the outdoors, when young womanhood set its seal upon her, she became to the ardent soul of Shamness Pane an object for ardoration.

Strange though it may seem, he found it harder to tell Diana of his chosen profession than all the others. He broke the news to her one day in early April. That afternoon they had ridden to Glen Fairy, a spot which Nature had wrought most marvelously of many wonderful materials. There was the silence, bird-broken only, of the deep wood; a high wall of earth tapestried with moss and corniced with wild violets; a floor of new sod and brown leaves and a crystal spring which bubbled from a slate bed.

They had drunk of the water, as was their custom when coming here alone; Shamness dismounting, and serving her in knightly fashion.

"Di," he said, standing by her stirrup with the dripping cup in his hand; "I've chosen a career."

She did not look at him. Her eyes were set towards the tapestried wall across the glen, where a low wind was making shimmering ripples run up and down.

"Your career was chosen for you long before you were born," she said, slowly.

A qualm, not of fear, but of mistrust, swept over him.

"You're mistaken, Di," he said, gently, looking at her with tender wistfulness. "I'm going to enter the ministry."

"Hush up, Sham!"

The moss curtain still charmed her eye, and she replied lightly, taking his statement as a joke.

"It is really true."

A sudden, serious lowering of his voice caused her to turn with a start — a start which made Lady Satan, her black mare, to quiver and prance — and look down at the white face lifted by her saddle-bow. She knew then that he meant it.

"You, Sham Pane, a *preacher!*"

It was not the cry of a scoffer. It was simply an honest expression of her feelings; an utter inability to reconcile any of the famous racehorse family with sacred orders. There was something of disappointment, too, in her exclamation. They were tacitly engaged, and Diana's dreams of the future had never been of prayer-still churches and sacerdotal vestments. Ah, no! They had been of a great, free life in the Kentucky bluegrass open, where horses browsed fetlock deep in the juicy grass of the meadows with their long-legged colts at their sides — colts whose names would in all probability circle the globe in wonder. Of the track — the crowd — the music, and even the betting shed — and the battle of the world's best in horseflesh.

She leaned down and put one hand upon his shoulder and looked into his eyes.

"*You'll never do it!*" she said.

His spirit — the spirit of a male Pane — rose in rebellion.

"Who, or what, will prevent me?" he demanded.

"You will prevent yourself, or your heredity will, which is the

same thing. One cannot raise figs from thistles, Sham Pane, and you are a thistle."

"You'll see, my sweet prophetess!" he exclaimed, banging the drinking cup flat and thrusting it in his pocket. Then he was on his horse with a spring which brought a smile of pleasure to the girl's lips. Shamness was indeed a Pane in all but height, and this strange mania which had obsessed him! But that would pass.

As they rode home Diana thought it all out to her satisfaction. It simply could not be. Shamness was unfit for the profession on which he had set his heart, and could not be made fit. His mental attainments were sufficient, it is true, and his moral nature probably surpassed the average, but his ancestry for generations stood, an insuperable wall, between him and the pulpit.

They talked but little as they rode home, and by mutual consent the unpleasant subject was dismissed.

Soon thereafter Shamness Pane entered a theological seminary. He and Diana wrote to each other regularly. The girl read his letters with mind keenly alert. They must reflect his mental condition and spiritual attitude towards his career. She did not find the glow of enthusiasm which might have been expected. While he did not complain, he frequently mentioned the quiet life and the oppressive monotony of his daily round. It would have been superfluous for him to say that he was steadily advancing towards his goal. That was known.

As time went on, Diana became convinced that he was not entirely satisfied. The spaces between the lines bore eloquent pleas for the broad bluegrass expanses which he had renounced. She knew his temperament better than he; knew that any restraining bond would chafe and irritate. And when a message came one day in which he openly pined for Dogstar, his lean-limbed saddler, and wrote that he would have given a fortune for a dash with her through the big oak woods at twilight, Diana threw up her head and laughed in joy.

Then, wise little temptress, she set about her part of saving Shamness from himself. He was not fit, and could not make himself fit. Better that he should never enter the ministry, than

to begin, and then prove recreant to his vows. She saw further than he, and it was not all selfishness which made her fight for an untrammeled Shamness.

She wrote him long letters. Into them she poured the love of her heart; a rich, vital, throbbing love. Then she told of her daily life. Slyly, but with a fervor which was contagious even from a sheet of white paper, she depicted the glory of early morning at Glen Fairy; the wonder of the hot noon, when the cattle drowsed in the shade of the trees and nothing stirred but a heat-mad humming-bird in the flower garden; the witchery of twilight in the meadow when the first shy shadows began to shuttle among the blue tasselled grass, and then of the warm, purple-curtained night, when the stars hung low and the dew-soaked earth sent up its strange perfume.

Shamness read, and groaned, but stood firm. He had made his decision; he had given his word; he had declared his purpose. But the soul of him was sick for the smack of the cool morning air on his cheek, and the feel of Dogstar's ribs between his knees.

Christmas brought him back to Pane Hall with some lines on his face. His kinsmen greeted him, then left him. His kinswomen, more gentle, talked to him, and tried to make him feel at home. Diana was tactful. She spoke of his seminary life almost exclusively, until Shamness frankly asked her to tell about the things at home. So she did, with artful artlessness, and unrest stirred anew in the breast of the man. He responded to it all as a string to a bow, and but for the shame of defeat, would have given up then and there. But in a few weeks college walls claimed him once more.

As Spring came on the alien was forgotten at the Hall. Things were doing there now. The Kentucky Derby was approaching, and in the best stall of the stable-mansion was Kim Bey, the three-year-old thoroughbred which on the second of May was to battle for the Pane reputation. Since the Derby began, not one had been run in which a Pane horse was not. Sometimes they were beaten. More often they beat. The years when they were defeated marked epochs of ignominy for their owners. It was worse than thieving — far worse than killing, to have a Pane

horse come under the wire with his eyes smarting from the dust of a competitor's heels! Oh, it was madness! Disgrace! Shame unbearable! The owner always found a reason for failure, and it was never because his horse was less fleet. An insinuation that this was true would have brought on a fight. A Pane horse simply *could not* be a second legitimately, and that was all there was to it. Unreasonable? Yes, but grand, too, with the grandeur of imperative, high-headed generations.

The groom slept with Kim Bey. As the time drew near the negro sat with him all day, too, or lounged about the door of his stall. It would have been monotonous to some, but not to the black boy. It was heavenly to him. Then every day came Skimpy, the jockey, to pet the shining, swift thing; to play with him, and loll against him, and give him sweetmeats. In other words, to make the colt know him and love him, so that on the great day he would strain his heart for him, if need was, to get the victory. Then, too, every day at noon came Harkney Pane, Shamness's oldest brother, and present head of the house. He looked like a Norse god; big, blond, shapely, powerful. His eyes were like blue steel when light falls upon it. Kim Bey was his pride. He knew Kim Bey could not lose, because he was bred to win this very Derby. Harkney Pane had traced it all out. He had gone back down the line on both sides — the genealogy of sire and dam for a half-dozen generations — and the evidence was indisputable. Kim Bey would win this race. Chronological events in the world of the track proved it, and he could not help but win, with fair play. He would most likely have that. None had attempted to dope a Pane horse or doctor a Pane jockey since — but that is an ugly bit of local history which is better off in the past.

One week before the Derby Diana wrote a letter to Shamness which represented her final effort. She spent an entire morning in its composition, for she felt that his future happiness depended upon its result. The burden of the letter was a plea for Shamness Pane to come and witness one more supreme race before placing the frivolities of the world behind him. There is no need to detail her line of argument. It was subtle, strong, alluring, and when a pale-faced young man read it a tinge of color came to his

cheeks. Its import plunged him in deeper thought. Could Diana be right, after all?

Churchill Downs represented a typical Kentucky scene on that second of May. The day was bright, tolerably cool, and the track perfect. Thirty thousand people had assembled to witness the one great annual event in the sporting circles of the State. Ladies were there in wonderful gowns — hundreds of them — representing fitly the famed grace and beauty of the old Commonwealth.

Diana Crew was there in a group of Panes; restive, eager, anticipative. Her letter to Shamness had not brought an answer. She dared not mention him to any of his family. She knew they were ashamed of him, — ashamed of his slight stature, white face, and most of all, ashamed of his unaccountable deflection from the line the race had so long pursued. But in her inmost soul she hoped. If Shamness loved her as she loved him, he would come. The time sped by, and minute by minute the waiting girl felt her heart tightening and tightening, and the shadow of dread began to encroach on her soul. Had she read him wrong? Had she leaned on a reed? Could a Pane man forsake the woman he professed to love in her hour of need? No! No! He simply could not do it! Shamness would come! There was an hour yet. He would be at her side before the bell called the Derby starters to the track.

She grew calm now, whereas she had been all a-flutter. She sat down, and became interested in that which was passing below and around her. When another half-hour had gone a peculiar elation stole over her, as if she had taken an opiate. It was a result of her tense feelings. She was not aware just how much emotion possessed her, until a little later she saw Kim Bey walking down the track before her. Then came the sudden horror that Shamness had failed her, and she shut her eyes for a moment, and shuddered. Her mind became blurred, and the action immediately following was only partly comprehended. The jockeys were being weighed and numbered. — What was the matter? She sat up straight, her mind clearing as though a breeze had blown a mist from it.

Something had happened below in front of the judges' stand.

There was confusion, the sound of loud voices, a few sharp cries, and she saw a slight form sagging in a man's arms. The limp figure was Skimpy, for he wore the Pane colors, black and orange. Instantly Diana was on her feet and making her way down the steps of the packed grandstand. In less than a minute she was pressing against the railing enclosing the track. Skimpy was being carried away, and big Harkney Pane was striding about with deep curses on the villain who had doped his jockey. His case was indeed desperate, for the hour had come for the race.

Diana's quivering hands were gripping the rail before her, when over one of them fell a hot palm. She turned to see Shamness, whose face was on a level with hers.

"I've seen it all," he said, quickly. "You were right! They've been ashamed of me, I know. Now I shall make them ashamed of themselves!"

Then he sprang to the track and took his big brother by the hand.

"Quick! Hark, put me on Kim Bey! I tried to miss my calling, but Fate wouldn't let me! Skimpy and I are of one weight!"

"You're a man after all, Sham Pane!"

Shamness had his coat and hat off before the reply was spoken. Almost hilariously, Harkney picked up the cap which had fallen from Skimpy's head and drew it over his brother's. Then he lifted Shamness as if he were a doll, and flung him astride the colt.

"Ride like hell, Sham!" he said, squeezing the thin, pale hand of the new jockey.

Shamness's eyes were shining with a light they never had held before. He bent from the saddle to say —

"A fellow can't go back on his blood, Hark! I could never reach a sinner from the pulpit, but I can shove a Pane horse home first!"

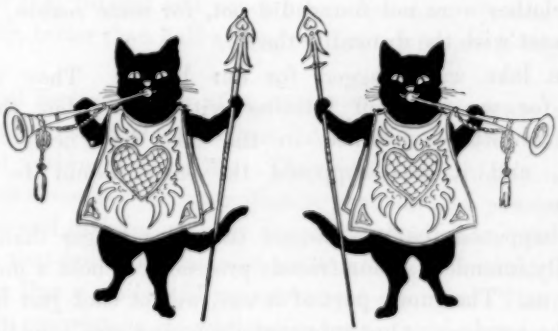
Then he turned to where his wood-goddess stood with her face transfigured, and eyes which swam in tears of joy. For a moment — just a moment — he looked at her steadily, while he wrapped the reins of Kim Bey's bridle about his hands,

then he swung the colt around and joined the ranks of his competitors up the track.

* * * * * * *

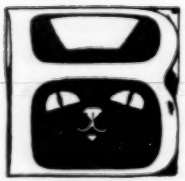
Kim Bey won the Derby; won it with that arrow-like flight for which his strain was world famous, and it was Diana Crew's fair hand which placed the victor's garland about his neck.

"Shampane" had wakened from his dream, and come into his own.



The Parable of Asher Who Became a Congressman Through Mistake.*

BY C. M. HOFFMAN-SCHERER.



LESSED is he who listens to his own funeral sermon," said Benjamin Asher. The rest of us moved nearer, and he continued. "I had that rare pleasure.

"Another fellow and I started off for a hunt, but stopped on our way to bathe in a small lake. We were known to have been swimming, and the report got out that we had drowned. It started, I think, by our having left some of our clothes behind at the lake. The fact that the rest of our clothes were not found did not, for some reason, interfere in the least with the drowning theory.

"The lake was dragged for our bodies. They were not found, for we were off hunting with them; but the bodies of several others drowned in the lake had never been recovered, and it was supposed the same would be true in our case.

"It happened that we hunted two days longer than we had originally intended, so our friends proceeded to hold a double funeral for us. The funny part of it was, we got back just in time to be at the services. Our supposed drowning was something of a sensation, and the funeral was numerously attended.

"As we neared the church in the grove, where our funeral sermon was progressing, we asked the cause of the meeting and learned from a stranger that we were dead. It struck us as being funny, and we concluded to get all the fun we could out of it.

"We slipped into the church quietly so as not to attract attention, settled down back of the audience where we'd not be seen,

* Copyright, 1911, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

and awaited developments. We even whispered about our dead selves to some of the strangers drawn to our funeral by morbid interest in our unnatural deaths.

"What we heard about ourselves in the sermon would make dead men proud. It was worth being dead to hear. Each of us had great and good qualities he did not know he possessed, and neither of us had before known that the other was so noble, though we'd been near neighbors and friends for years.

"After the exercises were over, my fellow dead one got up on a seat and said: 'I've just been listening to the noble words that have been spoken, but as one of the dead men I want to protest against becoming any less good now than I was when I was supposed to be dead. This is all I care to say, except I hope the rest of you have enjoyed my funeral as much as I have.'

"It didn't seem right in the church, but that crowd clapped their hands, and stamped, and whistled, and yelled worse than you ever saw a crowd of gallery gods do at a cheap theater. We had been dead saints; and as soon as it was discovered we were alive yet, we became heroes and received many congratulations. I, too, enjoyed that funeral as I never have any other. It was better than a picnic, better than half a hundred hunts with game bags well filled.

"The most fortunate part of it all for me, however, was that I was running for congress at the time. As a dead man, my political enemies had nothing against me. They even spoke highly of me. Before I was drowned, the opposition paper had been pouring hot shot into me and making me very uncomfortable. As a matter of fact, it was that hot shot that sent me hunting. I wanted to get off the firing line a while, till my nerves got stronger. The paper that had been excoriating me while alive heaped praise on me when dead. It overdid my praise more than it had overdone my dispraise.

"I reprinted what it had published about me when I was dead, and circulated it everywhere in my congressional district. The only thing the opposition could do under the circumstances was to say that I had played a trick in getting the report circulated that I had drowned. The voters replied that if I was smart enough to do a trick like that, I was smart enough to make the kind of con-